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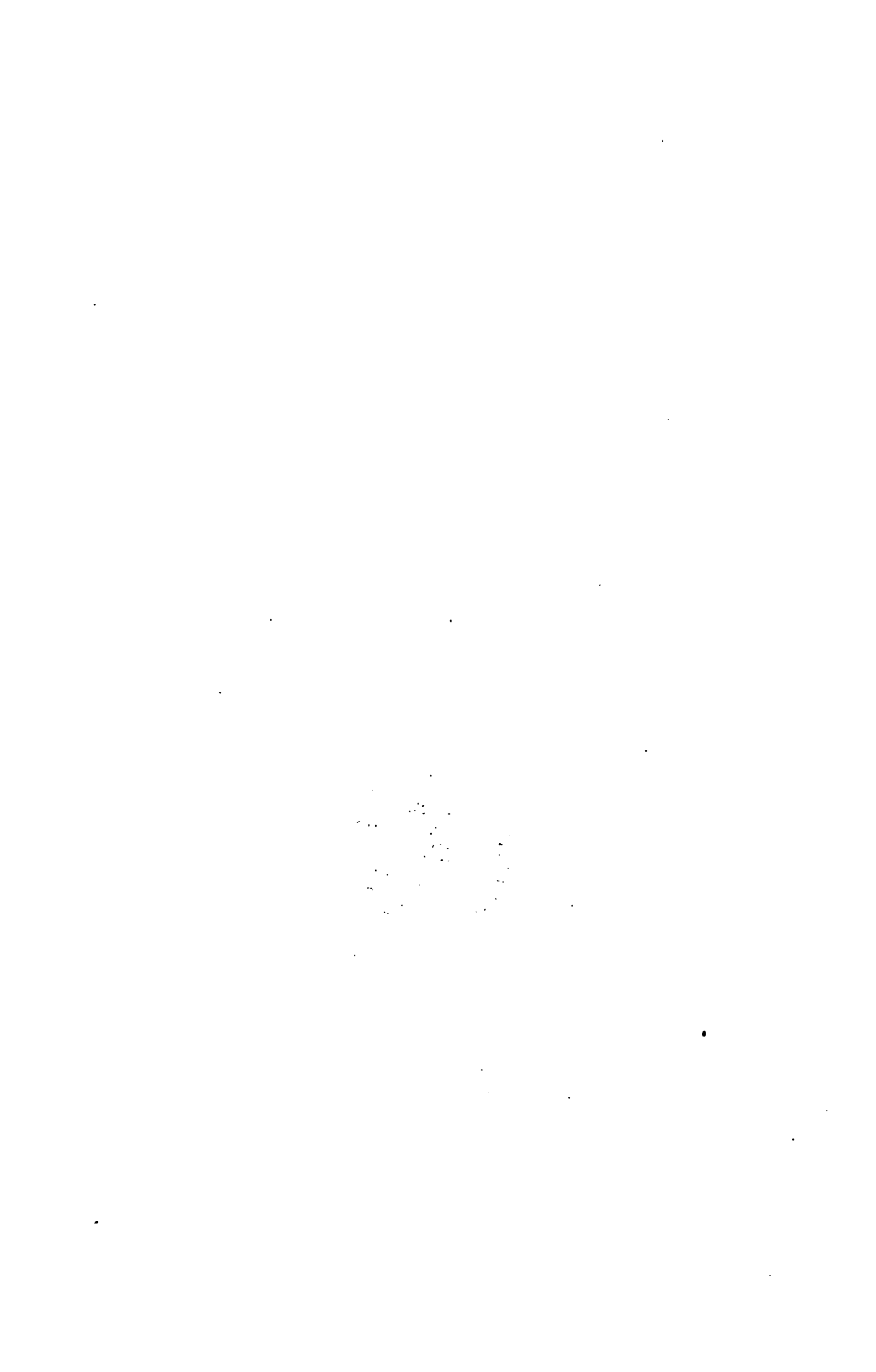
THE
PATCHWORK
OF
REFLECTION



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THE
PATCHWORK OF REFLECTION.

BY

THOMAS LATTEK,

AUTHOR OF "THE MONOPOLIST, OR, THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE,"
"THE BURDENS OF THE CHURCH," ETC.

(Published by the *late* Mr. ADAM SCOTT.)



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TO FRIENDS,

You will, no doubt, say on reading some of the pieces in 'The Patchwork,' "They ought to have appeared years ago, when the subjects were fresh before the public." They should at such time have been printed; but then, as now, I was unacquainted with a person likely to bring them into notice. And as I may pass through life without ever being known to any one from whom such aid may come, I have published them, in the hope that they may interest my friends, and drift perchance before a kindred spirit, desirous and capable of drawing attention to them. Once, and only once, I sought to have a piece (the Death of Lincoln) copied into a newspaper. I was told by a gentleman in the office of *The Morning Star*, "The lines may be to the point, and ever so beautiful, but we cannot insert them; for it is a rule with us to print in our paper the contributions only of our own staff. I do not doubt the merit of the lines, but it is useless my looking at them."

Some years ago a retired physician told me that his work on physical science was for months in the hands of the publisher, and not a copy was sold until a review of it appeared in *The Times*, and then the whole edition was quickly disposed of. The work is now deservedly popular; and large excerpts are made from it.

Most works of art when they are seen, at once please or dissatisfy. Not so with books; they require a medium for their sale. Readers do not inquire about a book until they hear or read some comments upon it; and better that its contents were roundly abused, than that it should drop still-born from the press, for in matters of taste, that which gives offence to one, and is strongly set down, yields approval to another, and is as strongly upheld, while both may agree on the moral of the design. Hence it is variety of subjects has the greatest chance of success.

Of course these remarks do not apply to authors whose names are constantly kept before the public, whose works unmistakeably speak out their individualities, and amongst whom exist facilities for notoriety wholly beyond the reach of amateurs.



THE
PATCHWORK OF REFLECTION.



Genius.

Poor lowly Genius, nought is yours ;
Save distant pride which naught implores.
Neglect, and pain, contempt, and scorn
Your lot—and you are lowly born,
Abashèd creature missing bliss—
Born to adorn the world you miss.

Go, genius, go, reside with birth,
And ronnd thee in a life of mirth :
Live where thou mayst sublimely shine,
Where thy bright deeds will be divine.
Why, frowning, stride in measured steps away
With solemn dignity at what I say ?

There ever will be found a spiteful race
Who, when surpass'd in beauty, will deface :

Low spirits that will ravin, lie, and slay,
 For powers that best such loathsome creatures pay.
 They shun the glorious light of day,
 And in dark purlieus wrangle o'er their prey.

See the mighty slayer comes
 Midst martial fifes and drums.
 Give the shrillest music play ;
 And let the general have his bray,
 For 'tis his day.
 Fortune's fav'rite, victim's hate,
 The pensioner of ev'ry state.
 Troubles theirs who shall refuse ;
 Then let the victor have his dues
 Just when he choose.

Written on a fly-leaf in a Volume of Shakespear.

Shakespear's fame stands so high
 I fear to venture an imputation,
 Yet methinks he is a rare marrying monger :
 And some of his wenches split decency to drench
 Their lust withal,
 And often one is vex'd at some their tediousness :
 And at the outset too plainly see the issue of the wanton.

Shakespear.

Life writers of benignant spirit
Place poverty to Shakespear's credit ;
And say he wrote for daily food,
Or by the rich he was withstood ;
For them he did his wit employ,
Which spark'ling flow'd through base alloy :
The great alone could recompense ;
The small had only common sense ;
And born like him to seek for gain :
He humbled these to those who reign ;
And sweetly sung each teeming state
Had its anointed king by fate ;
By whom were made decrees most just
(As thought by those who live on trust)
Who praise up noblemen at will,
So they the best of places fill.
Be this the truth, or as it may,
Shakespear made money of a play ;
Which play from works already wrought
He quickly to perfection brought.
Thus showing that the poet can
Do bus'ness like a bus'ness man.
What if by flattery he could live !
He was most full to get or give.

What if in midst of flattery
Are some who would a duke defy
Though fortune follow'd in his train
And he were of the latter vain.
These stern denouncers will be poor,
With honesty and nothing more,
While Shakespear will be ever great;
His loves and hates conciliate,
And wile away the tedious time;
He spoke to hearts, his own the prime.

On reading the first Volume of *Charmers*'.

These milk-and-water Charmers float
Upon the artificial schooling of the times;
On smallest themes they dote,
Construing Scotch, love, decencies, and rhymes.
Yet humble as they are
They're liked for the good they do,
Diffusing with much care
Amongst the people works that were
Till now known only to the few.
Go on, twin Charmers, shallow though
Thy servile minds appear:
And the critiques a woman's wisdom show,
Dissimulating fear.

The drudg'ry of selection is your own :
Your labours gain won Cantwell will make known :
And for your lack of spirit authors do atone.
 The people glad
 Where may be had
Your publication wistfully seek ;
And ask of one another in the street.
 They do choose
 To peruse
Your pretty, cheap, most wholesome, neat,
Nutritious hash, before they'll drink or eat.
 Fortunate young men,
 Great is your gain :
And lib'ral are the times you live in :
What gives you wealth and fame, show'd authors to a prison.
 They never knew
 What only you
In nature all supreme could tell us of
That minds beget their like in sexual love.
So valour, talents, wit, and wisdom, are hereditary,
Though stubborn history show the contrary,
Th' assertion smells full strong of mercenary.

On the practice of Laughing in Church.

Let calm serenity pervade the church :
Faithful be ev'ry mortal in research :
Let the strange mind be still, all passion fled,
When God's most dread and holy Word is read :
For leering laughter then would bring disgrace
Into that beauteous form, the human face.
Persistent laughter at such sacred time
Is folly, verging on to shameless crime.
For surely he who slights God's awful voice
Shall not of his repentance have a choice.
By every wind of fitful doctrine driven ;
To nonsense his attention will be given.
Then silly laughter all such folly suits,
The only diff'rence between fools and brutes.
Yet noble charity their peace would save,
And for their sakes would hush the chiding grave.

On a faithful Horse.

Poor Peg, old travellers you and I have been
In heat and cold, through England's varied scene,
While on thy easy back I softly rode,
Pride did delight thee all along the road.

Thy graceful steps and beauty won the gaze
Of many, and their tongues spoke out their praise.
In action free, docile, yet fiery ;
He were a hard man that could tire thee.
In playfulness a timid child might lead thee ;
And in sagacity a sage would heed thee.
Poor Peg, I do lament thy early death,
That for a fall thou shouldest yield thy breath.
Thy frolicsome sport in daisied mead is past ;
Thou didst affright the coward to the last.
Through a few fleeting years thy life has run ;
And much the toil thy slender form has done.
But thou art gone, and left not one behind,
Which made thy old admirers try my mind.
To sell thee, Peg, I never could incline ;
And yet 'twere barely known that thou wert mine,
(In thy last winter, ere the spring came round,
Unknown to me, my friend thy grave had found)
Peaceful the man who to the brute is good.
Man's toil a fortune wins, brutes only food.
'Twere well if men would bear this truth in mind,
Then should we see the brute than man more kind.

On Cruelty.

I saw a horse yok'd to a van
Belabour'd by a lazy man.
The horse's ribs were all so thin
It seem'd the blows would break them in :
Two ladies saw the bare-arm'd man
Lay on, as only cowards can,
No heed took they of all his rage
Until a parrot in her eage
They saw swung on behind the van :
Then they to laugh and talk began.
And I to think what women are
That yield to pleasure ev'ry care.

The Recluse touched with Love.

Oh, he could see no grace
In those large lustreless eyes ;
But now that radiant face
Affects him with surprise.

Downcast with thought he came,
The world seem'd lost to him ;
As one that's deem'd insane,
Or sullenness his whim.

A voice set fast his feet,
All suddenly he gaz'd,
His will sprung forth to greet,
And yet he stood amaz'd.

Before him—lovely sight—
A maid whose florid face
Was blushing with delight,
Approach'd with gentle pace.

The Silent Lover's Observations on a Self-willed Girl.

Say why should absence fret the heart?
When constant view produces smart :
A stubborn heart thyself has cur'd,
Still in the cure sharp pain's endur'd.
But hold, confession sing no more ;
Nor sweetest promptings give to verse ;
There are who do my glance deplore,
And all my failings in thy ear rehearse :
Can friendship's warmest care do more ?
Persuasive from the toils of love,
Most welcome I the warning greet,
Then why sweet maid forsake the meek ?

Where love unsullied soothes the soul,
And deeds of tenderness control;
But chief the fondest heart's own choice
In which it ever could rejoice;
My hope sincerely I'd make known,
But dread rebuff, provoking pride.
Yet know dear maid my love's your own;
To you I'd ev'ry deed confide.
Sweet prompter of my thoughts
On whom my mind delights to dwell
Above the willing power to tell,
Thy graceful image ceaseless haunts,
For all I would be free.
A loftier spirit few have known,
Nor lowlier to distress shall find,
Reciprocal amidst the kind;
Though love through sternness should be shown
To her who'd wayward be.
I may not sing the restless power
That inly wounds my flutt'ring heart
And bids my willing steps depart
At the well known yet distant hour;
When I perchance may gaze.
I may not sing my feelings then
Should slight sit on thy beauteous brow;
Albeit, pride would never bow
My spirit 'fore reflective men
Who scrutinize my ways.

I fain would sing the tender joy
When gladness-brightens in thy face ;
'Tis then its beams I love to trace ;
Enraptur'd in the sweet employ
I pray your happiness.
Serenity diffuses round
A warm and smiling frankness then ;
I seem to view with grateful ken
God's treasures in the world abound
To yield his creatures bliss.
Long rev'ling in this happy mood
May yon delightsome maiden know ;
Whose beauty gives my song to flow
Through whom such bliss is understood
In perfect gentleness.
But ah, a verse for absence drear,
Wherein slow hours move gloomy by,
As stars do in the noonday sky
When clouds obscure the sun's career,
And all is spiritless.
Ah me that tyrant ignorance
Makes petted girls self-will'd and coy,
Most cruel where most they would enjoy
Slaves to their fears, till none advance
To woo them save mean slaves.
In pity spare where growing wealth
Absorbs the low-born parents' mind ;
'Tis not the maid but they are blind ;

And she is ceaseless sought in stealth
By vap'ring flashy knaves.

Impatient girl, you've lost a beau ;
For one who now can boast of two :
You once, 'tis true, had sway supreme ;
But that is past, and all a dream.
What now avails, and rich you are ;
'Tis not for riches only lovers care.
Yet one who cherish'd love t' improve his song.
Dwelt on his theme, poor mortal, much too long,
For when he 'scape he found love was too strong.

Love.

Oh love eternal as revolving day,
When in my bosom will you cease to sway ?
Enthrall'd at once by every beauty's charms,
At ev'ry glance my quick'ning blood still warms.
Oh spare me Love, nor let me sue in vain ;
Or vanquish pride most diligent to pain.
Or give my tongue persuasion's happy guile ;
With soft assurance lead me through each trial.
This do sweet love, then no release I'll ask ;
But pleas'd submit me to thy glowing task.
Not Phœbe's pouts, and flashing eyes shall daunt ;
Nor dark hair'd, buxom Harriet's proud flaunt.

Oh gentle Love I feel thy influence give
My roving heart superior power to live.
Fair nature does a brighter garb assume ;
My lips breathe in the balmy air's perfume.
For rosy Ann my fancy burns apace,
The happiest smiles steal archly o'er her face,
Soft swelling beauties rise to loveliest form ;
I gaze, and gazing own her power to charm.
Eliza calls me bashful, modest, slave ;
While she is joyous, innocent, and brave.
The flame she feels she nobly does inspire ;
I seek, yet shun, her ardent soul's desire.
With wedded Caroline in early youth—
Ah vagrant spirit, why dost fly the truth ?—
And wander through confused regions when
Her stately figure comes within thy ken.
'Tis true thy feelings were reciprocal,
Save at the last she ever did appal.
Strong as the life her passion knew no bounds,
My friends construed rivals, met her frowns.
Not such was Gertrude, long enduring maid ;
True as old Time she all enduring staid.
Of figure tall, commanding, full, and fair,
Blue eyes, round features crown'd with auburn hair.
Of mind incapable of wrong, or harm ;
More bland than gay, more diffident than warm.
Most perfect beauty that beguil'd my youth ;
Her long tried constancy replete with truth.

Unwinds the lengthen'd thread of memory
Back to the spring tide of felicity.
But this fair earth is view'd by Death's dread eyes,
Unerring through the spheres his arrow flies,
And ere decision moves the wayward heart
It prostrate lies touch'd by the fatal dart.
And fickle then, my love held in suspense,
As now, it yields uncertain recompense.
Fond roving heart construing perfect rest,
With placid certainty not to be blest;
Nor happy union mine with gay or grave,
Too poor to wed, too proud to lie, or crave.
Shame ever my attendant in disguise;
Disdaining rivals, worthlees then the prize.
Yet soft, caressing, Fanny lur'd the cheat,
And blushing, found him in profusion sweet.
No formal guise th' enraptured maiden bore,
In love she simply had giv'n childhood o'er.
Most grateful to my thoughtful mind she was
Of annual trips a thrice repeated cause
To where the Roman first held British sway,
And pour'd o'er savages the light of day.
But Fanny's easy mind was idly spent
Imbibing Byron's lovesick sentiment.
'Tis strange that she alone should hear a tongue
That never vow'd, or promis'd any one—
'Tis passing strange this truth the lover sings,
No strong desire t' obtain his passion brings.

No maiden's eyes with lustre burn'd unless
He saw them beam on him with tenderness,
No heaving bosom won his sympathy
Save her's whose furtive glance would secret be—
Love is exacting, and no medium knows ;
With thorns surrounded like the blushing rose.
Whatever may betide this truth is plain,
Love riots in the young creative brain—
Imagination then sustains the flame,
And lends enchantment where the wise would blame.
But love and wisdom seldom are agreed,
As well might youth and age together speed
To Stonehenge, there to find the scatter'd mound
That bore the frieze on to the posts around.

*Seek not only a Proper Spouse, but also a Proper Time,
to Marry.*

Why glit'ring gold thy tale's soon told :
By you I'm wand'ring caught at last ;
By your bright charms I am held fast.
For what is love to one above
All other pretty faces say ?
Who loves for beauty goes astray.

The mind alone can guard its own
Superior to cold money's cast
It always can bind love most fast ;
Above love's sway, or poet's lay.

But what inquisitive stranger yet
Did a deserving maiden get

For intellect? or could select,
When honest conversation's rare,
And coy bred maidens ever spare.

In open street where loves first meet,
At once will beauty captivate ;
And of itself as apt will prate :

No wit can then by each be seen.
Who takes a wife on recommendation
Does so to stock the teeming nation ;

As Spartans did at auction bid
In times when direful war drain'd sore ;
And monarchs did the few deplore.

Then for reward each had regard
To his gross feeding subjects lust :
(They were more covetous than just.)

That offspring might the loan requite,
And fill their coffers with choice gold
To cope with foes both weak and bold.

So monsters then were thriving men.
Most wise is he who can refrain
From wooing beauty or the vain ;

Till bounteous wealth, and richer health,
Do give his prudence pleasure's glow ;
Which he through life shall ever know.

His partner's bliss exceeding his,
His children rear'd with fost'ring care
Shall grow apace, and amply fare.

While wretchedness in love's caress
Gives squalid children to the poor,
Who all productive love deplore.

Girls sigh not so before you know
The sequel of my partial song ;
Keep single and your peace prolong.

Or wait like me through poverty,
Till happy fortune crown your lot ;
Then shall subdued flames be all forgot.

On a timid Lady who would be wed.

Give her the priv'lege of her sex
Nor suffer temper aught
Her full and timid heart to vex ;
While willing to be sought.

And when she flies you must pursue
Through village, field, and wood ;
Keep her lov'd form in view ;
And never be withstood.

Full soon she will her aim betray,
And lead you wily man,
From the bright glare of lurid day,
To where no eyes can scan.

The birds before their partners fly
Ere they will be caress'd;
Not that they are by nature shy,
But secretly possess'd.

Through this the blushing damsel leads
From tattle and surprise:
Secure of peace her lover heeds,
And in his bosom lies.

Lobe.

Delightsome England's virtuous Queen
Now sits before the maid
That in my bosom reigns a queen
In pure white robe array'd.

The Law's dominion awes the bad;
And oft the bold restrain;
Their powers make the wisest glad;
To fools alone give pain.

But Love is free from all alarms,
And gentle as the dew,
It joyous, gives terrestrial forms
A warm celestial hue.

Its influence pervades all space,
All life reflects its power,
From the broad world's subduing race
Down to the harmless flower.

By all that rules, or should so seem,
By her whom all esteem,
By all the laws of man I deem
My lovely maid supreme.

Love's Appeal.

Some pretty flowers as ever grew,
Or gladden'd lovers with a view,
Have with their fragrance fill'd my breast,
While I most mute, have been deprest.
To rob me of my treasure Blossoms strove,
And with feign'd passion has possess'd my love.
For firm as lasting life
My fond affections are ;
Abhorring rivals, strife,
Avoiding lovers' care :

Free as the light my spirit roves ;
And lov'd—my heart as faithful loves,
By creed unbiass'd, country, grade,
As by the unreflective made.
Yet deeds of goodness have a potent spell,
They gush out waters from a brimming well.
 Trust not to art fair maid,
 For nature, love, is one,
 That may have folly staid,
 But this has wisdom won.
If pain the gen'rous heart inflicts,
It is the rose's thorn that pricks
To guard its beauteous flower from harm,
It is the friend that gives alarm.
Then such is he who seeks but one alone ;
And that choice virgin must be all his own.
 Sweet maid then let me wear
 The flower that I love best ;
 By this let it appear
 In you I seek for rest.

*On a robust, lazy Clergyman, who always sat while the
People sang.*

I knew an ass, a wayward creature he,
A very ass indeed
For he did bray and feed,
He walk'd and slept, and lov'd a loving she.

No more he did in truth except
He bore his master out
To neighbours round about,
And then this master winéd and wept.

His home was full of goodly cheer,
Of rich and rare unbought
Which he with cunning sought
Of sordid folk that saints appear.

No long fac'd man was he at home ;
He ate right merrily ;
And drank with luscious glee :
But to his drudges he gave none.

The lazy ass lived on the best,
His master's pet was he,
Things of one sort agree,
And this was seen in man and beast.

In novelties the pair surpass,
Wet, dry, at home, abroad,
In church, or on the road,
The priest is ever on his ass.

And both in stubbornness agree;
The more they feel the stick
The more the creatures kick,
Until kick'd off the priest will be.

Then to the sick, the poor, and meek,
His penitence may bear him;
The just will go to hear him,
And these for conscience sake he'll seek.

A Lober's Bewilderment.

Scarce Sunday ev'ning brings Tom to his home
Ere a long weary week forecasts its gloom,
Wherein his feelings he does aggravate;
Disputing with himself and tedious fate.
Between your eyes fair maid that will not let
Their bright expression in his gaze be met,
And chaste rebukes that with his looks accord,
There is no fool so puzzled as the bard.

Dreading rebuff as ev'ry lover must,
Save he who, worshipping, would lick the dust,
And serpent like insidiously would coil
Around the victim for the sake of spoil.
Your watchful page's presence stills his tongue
That oft in praise has your perverseness sung.
Alack poor Tom, the willing maid is coy :
And too much self-esteem has Tom for joy.

The Student in Love.

Tom's mind, unhappy, runs to waste ;
Pursuing knowledge with distaste.
Capricious, yet chaste in love most true,
It will be only pleas'd with you.
Reflection's subtle power in vain
A simple subject can sustain :
The noisy street, the listless field
Alike to you their sameness yield.
And pretty ditties glad a heart
That would its purest joys impart ;
But quick as light'ning hence they fly ;
Alone, confession left to sigh,
While mem'ry striving for the past,
Dejected, lengthens out the task ;

Until confusion roundly comes
And makes all fit alone for nuns.
Bewilder'd and inclin'd to pride,
That would a stubborn passion chide,
And still the motions of a tongue,
That else had whisper'd ere it sung,
Say you, pure Love, th' enraptured song
Should soft emotions still prolong ?
Aw'd in each opposite extreme,
The cautious singer seeks esteem ;
Devoid of flat'ry, guile, or art,
Approving friendship warms the heart.
That ever with affection beats
When it with grace and candour meets,
But Tom would sing " I'll trust not friends,
Love's hope on love alone depends.
I'll seek my love and none beside ;
Nor fear repulse with Love my guide ;
Love's potent charms most ills subdue ;
For nature is of purpose true."
Tom sees in love this vital truth—
It rounds the earth with constant youth—
And so has everlasting sway ;
As sure as light confirms the day.

A Lober's Imbitation.

I never knew till I saw you
The pain and pleasure Love can give.
I now can sue, and sigh for you,
Or for your sake alone could live.
But not your slave, for I would have
For ev'ry fondest look regard,
The more I had, my heart right glad,
Would with the gracious spell accord.
Our hearts at peace, Love would increase
United in sweet sympathy.
No friend would vex, or foe perplex,
A life of tend'rest harmony.
Then yield fair maid, be not afraid
Of happiness your love can give.
For constancy you'll find in me ;
And all confiding we would live.
Example take, for Love's dear sake,
From those who do perpetuate
Themselves in youth, a living proof
That they fulfil the ends of fate.
All kinds renew, or mis'ry rue,
Creation's mission ev'rywhere.
For this is made, through ev'ry grade,
The sexes for each other's share.

A duty this that none should miss
The chief intent of wedded rites.
As reason guides, the flame abides,
And renders exquisite delights.

Then yield sweet maid, be not afraid
Of happiness your love can give.

For constancy you'll find in me;
And all confiding we would live.

People of Dejection

Most musing, melancholy sit,
Despising all that's said or writ,—
So heavily the clouds bear on the brain,
They would believe their very life is vain.

Great God, fain would they leave this life,
And to thy kingdom haste :
For here all is turmoil and strife ;
Their life is wholly waste.

On reading a Guide Book to Portsmouth.

Hail, isle of Portsmouth, flat, of twelve miles girth;
Land of enduring want, and social mirth;
Well known to England, and to martial men,
And foreign potentates, friends now and then.
For from thy shores have sail'd th' undaunted, brave,
That crush'd the tyrant, and releas'd the slave.
Where too of late the pleasure seekers find
Improvement both in body and in mind.
Fair are thy daughters, but their fame less fair;
For e'en the chaste have a familiar air;
With lurking laughter sweet'ning all they say;
Winning them soon, too soon, a wedding day:
By nature careless, save external grace,
They are prolific of a thriftless race.
Thy sons, "Ah, what of them?" the strangers ask;
And with a smile they deem reply a task.
Ye men of Portsmouth, old before your time,
Why waste your sustenance in life's dear prime,
To ape notorious men of stylish dress
On Sundays; when you oft are penniless?
Your neighbours say your poor, and half asleep;
And trade that should be yours they blameless keep.
No helping guide direct to London yours,
So commerce passes by your open doors.

Exert yourselves, fair nature's gifts abound,
Inviting skilful labour all around ;
That well-fed competence may bring your town
From bad repute, and stench, to good renown.
As ill-used Portsdown back'd the Romans here
Who made the most of things, despising fear.
But now this hill, set forth in grim array,
Seems to forbid the trader here to stay.
Pam's story this, not worth the nation's heed :
With London lost, of Portsmouth what the need ?
Down with its walls, most noble work for praise ;
And on the site a mound to Folly raise.

On a Lawyer.

There lived a lawyer in a town,
Call'd Bedstead, in the Wight.
He pass'd as one of some renown,
For he could plead at sight.

And he could rule so very fine,
He'd make one fancy that
His ev'ry action was divine ;
He'd win what he was at.

Keen-ey'd, sophisticated elf ;
He went to chapel much ;
And vow'd by all his neighbour's wealth
He nothing wrong would touch.

'Tis passing strange, the women strive
His honesty to prove ;
They show what clever points he'd drive ;
And how he made each move.

So charming thus he bus'ness plied ;
Careering high indeed ;
He never car'd how oft he cried
If 'twould his fortune speed.

And so he caught the sorry sort
And they lost all their gains,
Too late they found he had no heart ;
And they had need of brains.

The Exhibition in Hyde Park.

All hail, ye nations that surround the earth ;
Ye sons of toil for once give loose to mirth.
Your true position dawns upon the great :
Your voice shall soon be heard in ev'ry State.
" Good will to man," your hearty prayer shall rise
Triumphant o'er the hero's fearful strides.
The mighty victor, Peace, comes smiling in,
To still th' unhappy world's discordant din ;
And bravely all his active sons respond ;
United in one strong, endearing, bond.
Witness, ye sons of doubt, the world's grand fair :
See all is harmony and quiet there.
See there the nations drop the warlike spear,
And greet each other with a friendly cheer.
Industry now their common int'rest moves :
And each the other's handicraft approves.
'Tis good to view the works of ev'ry State,
That inly stirs each craft to emulate.
France, altogether martial as thou art,
In ev'ry clime thy cherish'd sound takes part :
Yet one example thou shalt never rue ;
Approving skill, thou canst exhibit too.

On the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park.

Dear Tom,—In reply to yours of yesternight,
As to what the Crystal Palace is like.

To be brief, as a thief ;
Imagine that Paxton had been
To a review, and had seen
An infantry regiment drawn up in a line ;
With the staff in the middle ;
As it happens when the weather is fine
And the reviewers are little ;
Instead of the soldiers Paxton had found
That with windows he could cover the ground
And with a transept, a sort of postscript
The hint of a friend, a kind of God-send,
As near as could be plac'd, in the middle is plac'd.
A beautiful object, doubt it who may ;
For without it 'twere a window array ;
And the building were better away.

Three Glass Knights.

I'll sing a song of three glass knights;
Three of bland Fortune's luckiest wights:
That owe their honours to a prince,
From Germany some twelve years since.
This prince said to a duke, "In huff
John Bull calls my grand plans all stuff.
My notions of a world's bazaar
He likes, as does my friend the Czar.
But thinks he sees an artful trick
In my tall walls of five yards thick.
Perhaps he deems them all too strong
For his poor lease of six month's long.
So my big dome, much bigger than
Your English church St. Paul's does span,
Will never rear its wondrous head
To tell of me when I am dead."
Then said the duke, "Your highness need
Of John's bad temper take no heed.
Only inflate his vanity;
You'll find him passive, fond, and free.
I have a green-house, that I'll make
My gard'ner a neat drawing take,
Down at my house in Derbyshire:
Th' expenses too he shall inquire.

Once up, the exhibition past,
John will command, the thing shall last.
He'll a conservatory make,
And keep it for your highness' sake."
Off goes the duke—the plan is made,
And soon before the prince is laid :
Windows and posts, in row, and tier,
Repeated, everywhere appear ;
And up they go all in a trice.
The prince exclaims, " It's very nice."
To compliment the duke outright
He gets the gard'ner made a knight.
The engineer and smith look blue,
To hold their tongues they're knighted too.
John look'd on with a mocking frown :
Then pull'd the shining fabric down.
Demanded for the knights a song,
When he had bade them get along,
Which one has done, with what intent
Will soon be seen in Parliament.

C. B. gave up a large annuity to marry a widower (S.)
with a family of children; the husband went off his
head; and the children quarrelled—they both were
writers—should she not rather have written—

Slow spreads the love my husband fires,
It only mocks my fond desires.

And he,

When Time is loth to sep'rate friends
Whom he has cherish'd much,
Thoughts of the past recurring, ends
In soft regret to such.

Oft has my fancy stray'd
Deliciously in love,
Esteeming this above
The other beauteous maid.

So has my life run on,
For ever seeing one
That has my mind undone
And yet no maid could fix upon.

At times sore press'd by many
And fearing to please one,
As then I should have none
Besides her own sweet self to marry.

And now against good sense I wed,
For she will have it so,
She will large wealth forego,
And trust in me for joy instead.

One Love.

What nonsense in this life we find
Unsuited to a gifted, thinking, mind.
The young, the bold, the shy,
How soon they warmly sigh;
Strong in their vision Love looks out
Teasing itself with sportive doubt:
Then stoutly swear
Themselves most dear:
And shun the faithful ear of Truth;
They brave the fires of fickle youth.
So 'tis in villages
Each sex a lover sees:
Or if in town their steps are turn'd awhile,
They there to with hot love the hours beguile.
And e'en the dreary waste
Improves the lovers' taste.

How idle then the story of one love :
No matter where the youngster finds a dove,
 They think their love sincere ;
 And so from year to year :
They move, and find another out,
Are mad in love, no shade of doubt.
 'Tis nature's grave intent
 On procreation bent :
She does all creatures grasp within her span ;
And shows no favour to majestic man.

Happy Days and Sympathy.

Let huntsmen boast their horns, and hounds ;
 And glory in the chase :
Let them delight in hollow sounds,
 And in their horses' pace.
Ours be the joys that gen'rous actions give ;
The useful days, that reas'ning men should live.

Let misers count at midnight hour
 Their hidden bags of gold :
Let bilious heat their scanty pittance sour,
 And fears attend their hold.

Ours be the joys that gen'rous actions give ;
The easy days, that reas'ning men should live.

Let rakes be plagues of women's lives ;
And revel in their shame :
Let them be cozen'd by their wives ;
And mocked till they grow tame.
Ours be the joys that gen'rous actions give ;
The faithful days, that reas'ning men should live.

Let kings, presumptuous, fret and reign ;
Make priests read royal prayers ;
Let soldiers be by soldiers slain ;
And courts their arch betrayers.
Ours be the joys that gen'rous actions give ;
The peaceful days, that reas'ning men should live.

Let sad, religious, men retire ;
And ponder by themselves ;
Let them dread everlasting fire ;
And treat mankind as elves.
Ours be the joys that gen'rous actions give ;
The truthful days, that reas'ning men should live.

Give me the sympathies of life ;
Let stoics scorn the feast ;
And Jones' joy be only in his wife
And Brandman's in his beast.

There is a joy that's exquisite,
The sensitive alone can feel,
That all the ills of life requite,
And mystic incidents reveal.

Laugh they who can, and most the ignorant ;
I would not change this Christian good,
For all the wealthiest kings could grant ;
Or all the wise have understood.

Prince Albert's Speech

On behalf of Domestic Servants.

Comes there a voice ills to recount
Of wretched serving maids ?
And comes that voice from Wisdom's fount,
The noble to persuade ?

Yes, even so, the nation hears
Warm words of studious thought ;
In which humanity appears,
With kindred feeling fraught.

Look up, ye long neglected caste,
And hear a prince proclaim,
A prince in neatness unsurpass'd,
" Your welfare is my ain."

Well spoken by the Queen's own spouse :
Ye well may now expect
That slumb'ring masters will arouse
Your virtue to protect.

Nor laughter low the voice attends,
For he has shown most just,
That on your honesty depends
The sum of all your trust.

Rydal Lake.

Thou charming little Rydal Lake,
Once seen, the eye will not forsake.
The spirit of the unstable deeps
Securely on thy bosom sleeps.
Fenc'd by stern mountains clad in snows
From ev'ry angry wind that blows ;
Save the subdu'd and soften'd breeze
That kiss thy tiny island trees.
Though drunken are the Saxon here,
And rude, they are at heart sincere.
Else nature could not harmonize,
And pour effect through human eyes.
Adieu, enchanting little lake,
Thy sylvan shores, and rugged brake.
The bold and pretty in one scene ;
More like a dream than ought I've seen.

Answer to a Mother's Love.

Joy fills thy doting parent's heart
Above the power of friends t' impart.
Oh, my belov'd, and only child ;
By your fond verse my soul's beguill'd.
Thy mother's care, thy mother's voice,
Will, soon, I trust, make thee rejoice.
Thy mother's love, thy mother's kiss,
Is all to her of earthly bliss.

On a vain Man's voluble Tongue.

The Marquis this, the Marquis that,
Comes tripping daily off his tongue ;
His wearied list'ners cry, " Alack,
How nimbly is that member hung."

But when its speed begins to slack
And rigid sullenness sets in ;
His tortur'd servants cry, " Alack,
'Tis best to hear the vapid din."

In a Lady's Album.

The tossing of the troubled sea
Has toss'd all thinking out of me ;
And so when most inclin'd to please,
My wav'ring mind is least at ease ;
Take then, fair maid, this best excuse,
And count me thus as of no use.

What monster wrote th' above ?
His heart eschewing love.
He should look on his latter end
Unworthy of a loving friend.

At Sline Head where long swelling seas
Would toss him into ecstacies :
Where from wide steepes the dashing spray
In spouts to reach the clouds make play :
Bald mountains, lakes, and leagues of rocks,
Like grazing sheep in scatter'd flocks :
'Tis here that Fogs, and Tempest reign,
'Tis here should dwell this useless swain,
On Connemara's scor'd domain.

A Cockney Husband in a Village.

Forgive me, Harriet, loveliest of your race ;
Sweet constant source of all domestic bliss.

I sing the beauties of your native place ;
Enraptur'd as I am with that thing, and with this.

Oh, my fond wife, had I but Byron's powers
I really should not—should I?—do amiss.

The singing bees, the croaking frogs, and rainbow showers,

Excite my admiration dearest to such pitch,

Those Southgate flies—by Nicholas I've got the hitch—

To save our babe from fins I'll bait your wish ;

I'll send for Rodney and we'll catch the fish,

So easy duck, for the slow, winding, streams

Are so transparent they show all that swims :

The very sight corroborates my dreams :

• Save your delights, I feel all else as whims.

In Southgate too the milk of kindness swells

The bosoms of the folk, much to their praise ;

It moves my love, and ministering tells

My incapacity for love always.

Forgive me Harriet if I go astray,

Midst all the beauties that in Southgate lay,

But my affections shall your will obey

By night and day I'll never cry you—Nay.

*On a Group of three Children standing in the Porch of
an Orphan School.*

'Tis sad to see these children link'd together
Without a chance t' escape in foulest weather.
Stood up on high, beyond the reach of kindred
Where help from sects is positively hinder'd,
Except to one, the Rev'rend Mister Fiske,
Who to do good would run some risk.
Permission of the ladies first obtain'd,
He'd shelter them with umbrellas when it rain'd.
The ladies all approve paternal care,
But will not let their pet brave the night air.
So Mr. Fiske let's see what service can you be—
Why ask the visiting ladies for a canopy—
And give them gladness by consenting to
Your name being theirs to grave on what they do.

A Roman Catholic Priest, and False Numbers.

These sing-song sapient men
Count it a bother when
They find both sound and sense,
The latter gives offence.

A Song, impromptu, on a Friend's Birthday.

"A song," the learned doctors cry,
"Come sing a song, a cheering song;
Let rankling cares, and sorrows fly;
Our present joys prolong."

Merrily sings the humble lark
At dawn of blushing day:
Awaking tribes a moment hark,
Then join the thrilling lay.

All nature now in bright array
Breathes joy in ev'ry grove:
The bleating lambs in gambols play;
And age itself's in love.

Man to his toil, or study goes,
The strangest creature he,
He ev'rything, and nothing knows,
Lodg'd in impurity.

Till Allnot rose to manhood's prime
To give us useful tomes;
And mollify the varied clime
Of merry England's homes.

Then sing ye all, all ye who can,
With our glad denizen,
Long pleasure to the gifted man,
The gen'rous friend of men.

High o'er the hills of sunny Spain ;
When priests, and poets, swell'd the train ;
The spirit of commerce hov'ring said
" These grandees of a breath are made,"
This night a child is born, who shall pursue
The rugged paths of gain, successfully through :
And shame those idle sons of birth,
Who to this claim owe all their worth.

Smooth over life we go
Without a deadly foe ;
Calm as the sea indeed,
And slow our vessel's speed ;
But proudly into harbour she will ride
A thousand storms she has defied ;
And ere she trimly docks ;
Secure from storms and rocks ;
While expectation waits
And scans the crowded straights,
And men on 'Change do speculate
Upon the chance and value of her freight :
A merchant prince we'll pledge
In right good beverage.

Fill full your glasses then,
Priests, doctors, gentlemen ;
For worthy of your sentiment
Is the humane, the wise, and sentient.
Upstanding let us sing,
Ere the old year takes wing,
Till echo sounds around,
With three times three the sound—
Long life, health, and tranquillity
To our triéd host, and family.

On a Merchant Friend's Birthday.

Hail beauty, wit, and mirth,
Around the festive board
Of him whose day of birth
This seventy-sixth is scor'd.

Throughout the earth's vast space
The year unwav'ring flies,
It leads us on apace,
While pointing to the skies.

But whether barren waste,
Or plentiful increase,
Attend on sloth, or haste
To give poor mortals peace,

This, this, or frowns, or smiles,
It stealthily pursues,
To round our lives with whiles,
So we the present loose.

(Save this bright joyous hour
In which large wealth distends,
And swells its latent power,
To warm the hearts of friends)

Then wherefore hoard for those
Who come hereafter—
Is it to pass through life in woes
And they in laughter?

Well, laughing let the best
Enjoy their getting;
The wily knaves their rest;
And fools their fretting.

With health and peace to one
Whose life's a blessing;
May he to goodness run,
Nor need confessing.

Dining Out against the Will.

Alas poor me, what sins are mine ;
I am not free at home to dine,
But I must go through dread, and sore dismay,
Before uncertain folk the wit to play.

Oh wretched life, always in fear
Of ev'ning strife, I sweat to hear.
But I must go through weather of all kind,
To please deaf age, if well or ill inclined.

Sad task indeed, that all day long,
Makes my heart bleed, and shun a throng.
But I must go through distance far, and near,
To pour amusement in a beldame's ear.

I struggle hard, 'twixt hope and fear,
To win regard, and homely cheer.
But I must go, abandon all my care,
To prattle to hard folk that grudge my fare.

Oh abject then, my state is now ;
E'n serving men avoid a bow.
But I must go, and none of this must slip ;
For my scant means hang on a miser's lip.

Down bold, proud, will, no longer fret;
You 're honest still; and not in debt.
Then I will go, and keep a conscience clear;
And for awhile the miser's friends will cheer.

(To me he owes some thousand pounds,
And that he knows, though strange it sounds.
And stranger yet the truth is made,
These dinners a profession aid.)

A Melancholy Church of England Preacher.

Most melancholy Sinnot, sure
While your long preaching last,
You think yourself in Bell's own school,
And setting boys their task.

Poor Sinnot, sad indeed
Is your insidious creed;
So sad it is in truth,
That it bewilders youth.
The old go fast asleep,
And so their tempers keep;
And when they wake and find
You have spun out your mind,
They say "What pity 'tis
He's no idea of bliss;

His ratting politics ;—
He'll preach on candlesticks—
He should be off to Rome,
That is his proper home :
No private judgment then will move his care :
No need to dun for forms, and homage there."
I really think these worthies do not lie ;
Pray take the hint and bid us all good-bye.

'Tis delightful to find
An enlighten'd mind ;
One that can wisely construe
A soft hint that is true.

'Tis instructive to hear
A short sermon and clear,
Such as Conway can preach
As the Saviour did teach.

Such a man need not show
What to clergy is due,
Half fill'd bottles you know
Make most noise as they flow.

Grave Sinnot, he can't help himself ;
He would be sad with Rothschild's wealth.
 Long-fac'd by birth,
 Eschewing mirth ;

By one mistake his life is led ;
He treats all living things as dead.
What have your few, scar' d hearers done,
That of their patience you make fun ?
And in their lives condemning sport :
But railing is your innate forte.
Why not to desp'rate convicts go ?
In keeping then would be your woe.
Your notions of realities
(Such as the Roman Catholic sees)
Would do the reprobates some good ;
By them you will be understood.

What hapless mortal is so sore beset—
Is age I pray—for you can say,
Who is so deep in sinful nature's debt ;
That he must wrestling pray, and groan, and trust
Till he shall feel, as you reveal,
“ The desp'rate struggle of expiring lust ? ”

The Still Small Voice.

Blest with a spirit restless as the sea ;
An idle hour is perfect misery :
Yet doom'd to suffer many a one of late,
Is this conducive to a future state ?
I ask—but who that walks the earth can tell ?
Not one—I feel in me that voice must dwell.
Expound, and reason on the gravest tome,
That still small voice is heard by one alone.
Though millions hear the Word, yet singly they,
As centuries know the sun that lights each day.

And useless toil in competition lost,
Stirs not the friendless to attempt the cost,
With diffidence retreating to the shade ;
At war with energy, of chance afraid.

I'll singing, praise my God, e'en while I live ;
For He alone has life, and health to give,
And bright intelligence above all price,
That fashions us in hell, or paradise.
As by the still small voice—eternal guide—
(The proof of future life to beasts denied)
We walk or not ; so shall our doom abide.

“ Devils believe and tremble,” writes the Just :
He warns—keep Chist’s commands, and on Him trust.
As age descends from life’s broad, varied, view,
All fades a dream, man feels that this is true ;
“ My last of days is coming, swift and sure,
When I, borne hence, shall walk on earth no more.”

On the Decease of a loved Brother.

This precious life is gliding fast away
Toward the ocean of eternal day.
And sighs, entreaties, tears, are all in vain ;
As ’tis in age of wrinkles to complain.
But who are they that deem this life so choice ?
Who always can so much in it rejoice.
The wretched dare to quench the spark of life ;
And those involv’d in unrelenting strife ;
While Poverty, the direst ill of all,
Press’d down to earth, scarce heeds when death shall call.
And constant cares surround the sons of wealth ;
Consign’d to sloth that fastens ill by stealth ;
Content nowhere, in cool pursuit of ease ;
Desire forestall’d, and nothing left to please ;
With time to do, yet lacking will time’s lost :
With sameness bor’d, they wait through heat and frost.

The stupid, thoughtless, vain, akin to beast,
Taste of life's transient joys the very least.
While sickness, pain, disgust, excess attends ;
And love itself can kindle hate to friends.
Then what is life ? hedg'd all around with thorns,
Where ev'ry fault in it of ill forewarns.
The grave, the wise, the pith of human skill,
With all their thought escape not ev'ry ill.
Well may th' afflicted sage of old cry out
That universal truth, which none can doubt,
Or feel not " Man is born to sorrow as
The sparks fly upward." So it ever was.
Then why this life ? inquisitive mortals ask,
And search through books, an everlasting task,
Discovering naught to ease their earnest minds :
They cling to this or that as faith inclines.
Then happy they who all research forego,—
Who eat, and drink, and sleep, and marry—no—
Man large of faculties, despises trust ;
He hopes to live, his body gone to dust.
He looks around and nowhere finds the truth ;
Not only would he know but feel the proof :
As doubting Didymus was wont to do
Ere he believ'd " The Resurrection " true.
Reason resembles the bright orb of light
That brings earth's beauties vividly to sight ;
The stars, resplendent, then exist unseen,
And day perpetual, so they'd ever been.

Reason illumines facts that shadow more
Than gifted man, unaided, can explore.
Glory to God, His revelation points the way ;
Most happy they who can His will obey.
Not lazy drones, but true philosophers,
Who reap the good that in His Word appears.
As in His works are hidden laws known best
To those whose labours do their zeal attest :
All we do know we owe to diligence,
That fashions minds superior to sense.
God's Word, and wondrous works, alike invite
To contemplation, sources of delight.
Alone on Him our hope of heaven depends,
'Tis wise—His love all human wit transcends.
'Tis only in this faith the soul finds rest ;
Wearied with search, it nowhere else is blest.

Incentive to Labour.

Cease weary soul from pond'ring o'er the grave ;
Be not to Death a pertinacious slave ;
Trust thou in God, for He alone can save—
Depressing though events may dismal run ;
The winter clouds do long obscure the sun ;
Yet longer is the day when there are none.

Take courage then and give to life its due ;
And if by hatred stung for much ye do ;
Ye are amongst the charitable few.
The Son of God, who would that all were pure,
Who went about the ills of life to cure,
Had in return derision to endure.
Mark that poor soul, nor timid hide thy skill,
Lest than of death thou taste a greater ill ;
That all must work is God's revealed will,
Or thorns, and briars, will around thee grow,
Together with despair, at first so slow
That few foresee their overwhelming woe.
Then to thy talents give the fullest scope ;
They are a loan, that tasked quickens hope ;
Kings are by birth, but these can't make A. Pope.
Fear not the scorn, the ridicule, of men,
For theologians differ now and then,—
And with the sage agreed—the world asks “ When ? ”
To different ends the human race inclines ;
This plods on safely ; that uncertain shines ;
Yet none seem perfect, save high church divines.

The Broken Stem.

His only wish—a rose—
Sweet emblem of his social days ;
Lov'd, and admir'd, by those
Who ever saw his winning ways.

(From out his open heart
Gush'd feelings soft, impressive, kind ;
And truth which would impart
Warmth to a strong, tenacious, mind.

Above all else supreme
In his meek nature was dry wit ;
That would the brave esteem ;
While Sadness lit up smiles at it.)

His only wish—a rose—
That wish rehears'd far off to one
Who all his frankness knows,
And loves him as an only son.

Sought for a rose, and found
Upon the hills a blood-red one
Full blown, in shelter'd ground ; *
But on a broken stem it hung.

* January.

Before the sun had shone
That day, unknown to him who sings,
The loving soul had flown
From suff'ring on angelic wings.

Rejoicing in Jehovah's praise,
Above the grave, a lark pours out his song ;
While calmly touch'd, the mourners gaze ;
The heav'nward bird bears weeping grief along.
Oft has he said most patient soul, " Had I a voice,
Or second birth, a little bird would be my choice."

On the Fall of Chichester Spire and Tower.

" The Church in danger," oft the clergy cry,
As at repairing it their best of hearers try :
Repair the church without authority !
Well may the clergy speak out angrily.
The dirty pelf the laity should bring ;
To spend it—that is quite another thing.
They may employ a civil architect,
And that would on the heads of Church reflect.
No, " Sacred men are train'd to sacred things,"
The Jewish Puseyite incessant sings.
Of old the church's roof was spac'd of lead,
But now the work is by a slater led.

(A craft unknown till recent years,
As are the churches built by engineers.)*
Arm'd with rude weapons, and stout props, and stays,
In Gothic order—perpendicular always.
They slash'd into the modern piles of strength :
And trembled then the legs of stilty length.
Poor legs, or pillars, call them what you will,
A shaft thrice slit bears not the burden still.
Shade of sad Siffred with what dire portend,
To view at once thy work from end to end,
Are useful shrines, the lofty lantern's stay
Swept off, till Arundel itself's away.
Well may the old cathedral church take fright
And gulph her tower, her spire, and bells, outright.
A spire of beauty sinks beneath the roof ;
And gives "The Church in danger" startling proof.
But banish Chichester thy sons' regret,
Let sacred Slater, and the clergy fret,
The race is all their own, with nought to choose
Between his essays, and their strange reviews.

* Still we believe no fear of such a calamity as we now record was anticipated, two eminent *engineers* and the cathedral architect holding that the spire was safe.—*Morning Star*, Feb. 23, 1861.

Volunteers' Song.

Old England happy in her home,
Still welcomes all who friendly come.

With open hand she greets ;
And frees the slave she meets.
For gen'rous are the brave
To aid, defend, or save.

We are for peace, we love its gains ;
And to preserve it spare no pains.

No envious foe for loot
On Britain shall step foot.
We glory in our land,
United heart and hand.

The front of danger we will scan ;
With guns in range our coast we'll man ;

And ever well advis'd ;
We cannot be surpris'd ;
So on our guard we are ;
And for no foe we care.

Then for our Queen, and homes, we'll fight,
Whene'er the foe shall dare our might.

Nor forts, or batteries,
Save those upon our seas ;
Strong in the open field
The vent'rous foe shall yield.

*On hearing a Woman say, "Take a little Prussic acid,
and end it all."*

To know what 's best a woman may pretend ;
For the mother of us all
'Tis said, brought about "The fall,"
While taking the betrayer for a friend.

But to annihilate th' Almighty's breath !
The very life of man
Believe such words, who can ?
Oh woman there's no end, although there's death.

Grant that uncertainty there is, what then ?
Gross folly 'tis to run,
When of retreat there's none,
Your woes to end, the Mocker asking when ?

Southampton Waters at Sunset.

Suspended low dark clouds seem'd fix'd ;
A shadowy pall to the bright west ;
With streaks of clear sky intermix'd,
Through which the sun smil'd day to rest.

Terrific winds that hurl'd destruction late along their course,
Now hush'd, the tranquil sea no longer felt their mighty
force,
Reflected beauteous tints, soft mingled, such as heav'n
could give,
It was a scene in which the spirit could for ever live.
And satisfied of this,
The sight was perfect bliss,
Inspiring thoughts of life's existence—this one past,
That in celestial beauty shall for ever last.

On the Death of President Lincoln.

Ere Victory could plume her outspread wings ;
And while with her glad voice the welkin rings ;
The Bible taught, firm, Lincoln, murder'd, falls ;
And the assassin's shot the world appals.
Like dreadful light'nings in the darkest night,
The tidings flash'd uncertain of its flight,
Or men believ'd they read the news aright.
So well had honest Lincoln's work been done,
That Peace stood watchful of the Evil One :
Mistrusting human nature in the best,
From trial she bore him to eternal rest.
" Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith God ;
And Lincoln all too meek to use the rod,

Another shall arise strong to controul,
And purge th' abhor'd slave dealer's stubborn soul.
Thus shall the faithful, long enduring slave,
At once both freedom, and strict justice have.
From mis'ry then his faculties will save.

Of equal rights, the North and South were one :
Upon the slave, contention rose alone.
On this the subtil South struck the first blow ;
And mov'd all Europe 'gainst their gen'rous foe.
And scoffing, starv'd the wounded pris'ners, when
Far-seeing Grant fed them as his own men.
Ye haughty South, ye fight for freedom, eh !
Just so did Satan set his forces in array.
For freedom, eh ! with Satan's same intent ;
Solely on bondage of humanity bent.
For freedom, eh ! to burn, and torture slaves ;
To sell your offspring—bah, to swagg'ring braves.
Ye boastful men, for freedom fight indeed !
Ye are well read in Satan's horrid creed.
Most diabolical in times of need

Ye can let loose a Semmes on the seas ;
To prey on merchants, and their ships to seize.
With these a bait he kept till night to burn ;
The crews thus lur'd to aid, he robb'd in turn.
A ship on fire—the noblest would forbear
Their help—lest they should find a Semmes there.
This Semmes beaten, struck, then sneak'd away ;
To gain the South's applause, and admiral's pay.

Brief glory his, provoking Shearman's hate,
Who with a giant's grasp laid low the State,
Where mercy never mov'd in the prostrate.

To burn a pop'lous town the South could plan
In fine—this slav'ry was the bane of man.
Most full of patience they who much could scan.

To Lincoln, Seward, and their great compeers
Be praise—this fiendish freedom disappears;
No more its sound shall strike on human ears.

THE END.





